

AT THE GATE
AND OTHER POEMS



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THOMAS O. CLARK



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Thomas C. Clark

At The Gate

and Other Poems

By

THOMAS O. CLARK

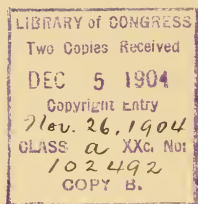


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by
THOMAS O. CLARK



TO those kind friends whose cheering words have encouraged me to persevere, I dedicate this little book, with the hope that its perusal may give them pleasure. If I have written one poem that will live, I shall be amply repaid for my efforts.

THE AUTHOR.

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AT THE GATE.

O EARNEST seeker, Truth will yet be thine.
In patience sit thee down awhile and wait.
Unto the great All-Wise thy will resign,
And cease to clamor at the Sealed Gate.

To thee already there hath been revealed,
All that for human profit can be shown ;
And Fate's strong barriers, which now are sealed,
Shall open to thee when thy strength hath
grown.

Bethink thee of the past, how blind wert thou
Before thy faltering feet had found the way !
How dark the night thou didst pass through, but
now
Thine eyes are gladdened by the light of day !

Canst thou not trust that Power which thus
brought
Thee out of darkness into blessed light ;
To teach thee all that should to thee be taught,
And suit thy knowledge to thy growing sight ?

Learn thou today the lessons which it holds,
That thou mayst fit thyself for those to come ;
For wisdom day by day to man unfolds
A little of its comprehensive sum.

He, who could at a single word command
Perfection in the shape of man appear,
A gradual development thus planned,
That to His handiwork He might be near.

Yet not in man alone this method shows—
The worlds of space His ceaseless labors tell;
And many a sun which in the heavens glows
Shall cool that on its crust a race may dwell.

The seed, which in the depths of earth is hid,
Through weeks and months tho' it be lost to
sight,¹
Was to this gradual fruition bid
By the same Power which wings the comet's
flight.

Therefore, be sure thy progress He has willed
Should be thus gradual, and for thee 'tis best.
In His good time thy yearnings shall be stilled,
And perfect knowledge crown thy fevered
quest.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

WHEN came the call To Arms! To Arms!
And o'er the land rang war's alarms;
From all the Southland hastened they,
Who donned the uniform of gray.
Soon ragged were the clothes they wore
And tattered were the flags they bore.

Ill-clad, half-starved, they marched and fought;
Fearless of death, dismayed by naught.
For four long years they fought and bled,
And still fought on when hope was dead.
With foe in front, and foe behind,
Footsore and sick, harassed in mind;
Outnumbered on each bloody field,
Content to die, but not to yield;
Borne back, o'er heaps of comrades slain,
But to reform and charge again,
Raising amid the shot and shell
The shrill, defiant "rebel yell,"
Proving at deadly cannon's mouth
The valor of the Sunny South.
Willing to suffer could they see
The form of their beloved Lee.
Tho' clad in rags their bayonets bright
Were to the foe a fearsome sight.
On many a field they learned to know
The bravery which men can show,
Who for their homes and kindred fight
And for the cause they think is right.
Those steady ranks in tattered gray
Have faded with the years away.
A few fast-failing ones remain
To deck their comrades' graves again.
Be it our loving task today
Our wreaths upon their mounds to lay.
Dead is their cause, yet deathless fame
Reserves for each a hero's name;
And tho' in endless sleep they rest,
Their deeds live in each Southern breast.

PORT.

I STOOD alone upon a quay
And watched a ship come in one day;
She was a most inspiring sight —
Her canvas snowy, spotless white—
Borne gently by the fav'ring breeze,
She seemed untouched by boist'rous seas,
And showed no conflict with the deep;
Calm and serene as summer sleep.
As slowly thus she came along,
The breeze brought to my ears a song,
From lusty lungs a loud refrain—
The sailor's deep-voiced "home again,"
But from the shore no answer came;
Not one inquired the vessel's name.
"How sad," thought I, "the voyage o'er,
To have no welcome from the shore."
Another day I came again—
This time through tempest and through rain;
But tho' it was a stormy day,
A multitude stood on the quay,
And strained their gaze far out to sea;
On each face was anxiety.
"Alas," thought I, "then it is true,
The Mary Moore is overdue."
Hark! 'Tis a cry above the gale;
The welcome words: "A sail!" "A sail!"
"There to the southward, don't you see!"
God grant that it indeed may be!
The speck draws nearer—heaven be praised!
The signal to the mast is raised—
Hurrah! 'Tis she—the Mary Moore—
Thrice welcome from a foreign shore.

L'ENVOI.

Like human lives these vessels be —
Some sail to port o'er summer sea,
While some by tempest wild are tossed,
And almost given up for lost;
But those who through the storms have pass'd
Have joyful welcome home at last.

BEYOND.

BEYOND the vast abyss of space,
Where countless stars so brightly burn;
Is there a peaceful resting place?

This thought doth oft to me return,
When burdened with the cares of life,
And wearied by its vexing strife.

Then, somehow o'er my spirit steals,
The peace which comes from depths afar;
And e'en my inmost being feels
The peaceful ray from distant star—
Transported to the realms of light,
Beyond the confines of the night.

Call it not dreaming, it is real;
The sweet influence of the spheres.
These touches which my soul can feel,
And charm away its doubts and fears.
They tell me of the resting place,
Beyond the realms of time and space.

THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

WHEN in our land the fight began—
The struggle for the rights of man ;
The leader was that matchless one—
The patriot Thomas Jefferson.

His voice and pen were for the right,
Against intrenched and lawless might ;
Firmly resolved that here should be
Freedom of opportunity.

That battle in sweet freedom's cause
Has fiercely waged without a pause.
Much of the ground that has been won
We owe to Thomas Jefferson.

And we must fight in the same way
As he did in that early day.
The battle has but just begun,
Which once was waged by Jefferson.

The foe confronts in solid mass—
Intrenched privilege and class.
Foe to man's freedom, banded wealth,
Which seeks its end by cunning stealth.

Lovers of Freedom! Now! Today!
Resolve its onward march to stay,
That for your children there may be
Freedom of opportunity.

TRUE HEROISM.

INSPIRING is the soldier's death
 Upon the battlefield,
As, with his last expiring breath,
 To foe he scorns to yield,
But raises high in dying hand
 The banner of his king;
To die thus for one's native land
 Robs death of all its sting!

Admiring comrades softly bear
 His body to the grave,
And tender woman drops a tear
 Of sorrow o'er the brave;
His deeds in hist'ry are engraved,
 That other lips may sing
The praises of the one who saved
 His country and his king.

And yet, 'tis easier by far
 To play the hero's part,
When frenzied, wild and bloody war
 To fear has numbed the heart,
Than in the lonely walks of life,
 From all the world apart,
To keep, amid the daily strife,
 A brave, undaunted heart.

The widow, toiling in the night
 The fatherless to feed,
Is a far more inspiring sight
 Than any soldier's deed.

The friendless girl who, poor and lone,
In some drear attic sews,
Has oftentimes more courage shown
And fights more deadly foes.

The merchant who in one brief day
Of fortune is bereft,
And then begins without dismay
To build on what is left,
More heroism shows than he
Who rushes on the foe;
His battle is where none can see,
And none but God can know.

The man who fights an inward foe,
Besetting day and night,
Nor to the eye of man doth show
The traces of the fight,
A hero is of courage rare,
And greater fields doth win
Than that o'erspread by battle's blare—
No foes like those within!

Yes, all can play the hero's part—
For life's a battlefield;
In factory, office, street and mart
The foe commands us "yield!"
And, worst of all, in quiet hours,
When outward foes are still,
Rages the fight 'twixt unseen powers
And man's God-given will.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

I SIT alone tonight and gaze
Upon an empty chair,
And mem'ry takes me back to days
When my dear wife sat there.
Tho' many a lonely year has passed
Since I have seen her face,
I think of her just as when last
She sat in her old place.

O, Mary, I can see you oft
And hear your cheerful voice,
Its winning tones as sweetly soft
As when my heart's first choice.
And somehow thus I love to feel
That you are hovering near,
For peaceful feelings o'er me steal,
My loneliness to cheer.

You are the same to me, dear heart,
As when you were in life.
The cruel grave did not us part;
You're still my cherished wife,
And to your memory I am true,
And shall be to the end;
I know our love we will renew
Where souls forever blend.

And so, altho' my heart is sad,
And I am lonely, dear,
That one more day has passed I'm glad—
The time is drawing near,

When we shall be together, wife,
In that fair land above,
Where there is everlasting life
And never-dying love.

TO POETRY.

SWEET Poetry, thy magic gives
To the long dead new birth;
At thy command the cosmos lives
And beauty fills the earth.

In language of the heavens draped,
The flowers, rocks and trees
Reveal the Master Hand which shaped
And guides their destinies.

The buried things which 'scape the sight,
In Nature's bosom hid,
Come forth into the dazzling light,
To do the poet's bid.

The mysteries of the human soul
'Mid which men ever grope—
Dark veiled to all its final goal
But for the poet's hope.

For 'tis the Music of the heights
Which tells us that above
Are regions fair of calm delights,
And never-dying love.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

No. 20 ————— STREET.

I DO not like those horrid folks who live next
door to me;
They're lacking in politeness and in common
decency.
Why, when they meet one face to face they
hardly ever speak—
Sometimes to keep from meeting us they in the
back way sneak.
Their children are the very worst that I have
ever seen,
And no one ever saw them when their faces were
quite clean.
They keep a dog, a horrid brute, that barks the
livelong night;
In robbing people of their rest it seems to take
delight.
And as if that were not enough their yard is
full of cats,
Which make the nights infernal with their never-
ending spats.
Were I their grocer I would surely make them
pay me cash,
For anyone can see they are a lot of common
trash.
In fact, to the whole neighborhood they are an
awful bore—
Those people whom no one could like who have
the house next door.

(The "Trash.")

My! What a lot of stuck-up cads live in the
house next door;
They try to make believe they're rich—I'll bet
they're awful poor.
Such codfish aristocracy as they are make me
sick—
I'd like to give that oldest girl a devilish hard
kick.
I said "Good morning" to the jade, and what
do you suppose?
Why, darn me, if she didn't sneer and turn up
her pug nose.
Those children are the on'riest that I have ever
seen;
They don't get half enough to eat or wouldn't
be so lean.
When people act so queerly you can bet they
are not straight—
I wonder why the old man stays out every night
so late.
If they don't stop those cats of theirs from raising
such a fuss
I'll get my gun and shoot them, and I don't care
how they cuss.
I wouldn't have moved in this house if I had
known before
There were such stuck-up people living in the
house next door.

THE BETTER PART.

I'D rather be a minor chord
In Love's grand harmony of space,
Than in some earth-bound discord hold
The major place.

I'd rather fail to reach the heights
And perish on the rugged way,
Than in the lowlands ever be
Content to stay.

I'd rather sing a song of joy,
And bid my heart its grief forget,
Than with dumb lips my sorrow nurse,
And mope and fret.

I'd rather to the night be blind
Than be oblivious of the day—
With the great dawn the night of earth
Shall pass away.

I'd rather see the guiding hand
Of a most tender, loving God,
In all that happens, than to curse
The chastening rod.

And when my path ends at the grave,
I'd rather cling to Faith and Hope
To guide me through death's chilly tide,
Than blindly grope.

So, let me fill the humble place,
In the grand harmony of love,
And sing my song until I join
The choir above.

THE HUMAN STRIFE.

THIS earth holds naught I would possess
Of pleasure, power or pelf;
One thing I crave, I do confess—
The ownership of self.

External things, which for a day,
May charm the wond'ring mind,
Swift as the light will pass away
And leave regret behind.

These cannot satisfy the soul
Whose gaze, fixed on the skies,
Beholds beyond the stars its goal,
Earth's baubles to despise.

To earth by fleshly chains bound tight,
It struggles to be free;
And tho' in darkness, radiant light
From astral depths can see.

O Power Supreme, whose pitying eye
Thy creatures doth behold,
Unto the struggling soul draw nigh,
And with thy strength enfold.

For only by thy mighty power
Can soul o'er flesh prevail;
Be with my soul when earth storms lower,
And forces foul assail.

McKINLEY—IN MEMORIAM.

A MERICANS! let us today
The tribute of affection pay
To one who was our honored head;
Now sleeping with the silent dead.

In life we may have been his foes,
Yet silent death no discord knows;
Remember this—his heart was true——
And render him the honor due.

McKinley's heart was just and kind
And he possessed a gen'rous mind;
Beloved by all, both foe and friend,
And all deplore his cruel end.

He labored hard with all his might,
The North and South to reunite,
And Southron found in him a friend,
On whom in need he could depend.

And who could die a nobler death
Than to exclaim with his last breath:
"Thy will be done, O God—not mine!"
And meekly to that will resign?

So let us turn our thoughts today
Toward the tomb which holds his clay;
'Tis but the shell beneath the sod—
His deathless spirit is with God.

JOHN SMITH'S CHRISTMAS.

JOHN SMITH had seven children,
His pay was very small;
How he could buy a gift for each
He couldn't see at all.
By dint of close economy,
And self-denial, too,
John Smith had saved up dollars three—
That sum the work must do.

Of girls he had just four in all,
Including Baby Rose;
It cost poor Smith a tidy sum
To keep his girls in clothes.
And then the boys, just three all told,
Were always needing shoes;
To save enough to clothe them all
Well nigh gave Smith the blues.

But John Smith had a handy wife,
At saving hard to beat;
Who, by her able management,
Contrived to make ends meet.
And tho' no one had ever heard
Smith's wife repine or pout,
She often hungry went to bed
Because the food gave out.

Smith's wife was made of the same stuff
As heroines of old,
And tho' her pocketbook was slim
She had a heart of gold.

And now that Christmas Eve had come
She put all hands to bed;
Then, with her arms around his neck,
She to her husband said:

“How happy we should be, dear John,
The children all are well;
And that your pay has not been cut,
Like some of whom they tell.
And then, dear husband, I have you,
And you—well, you have me.”
All this said John Smith’s wife to him
While sitting on his knee.

The children were all tucked away,
Five in a row they slept;
While Baby Rose and little John
With them in bed they kept.
John Smith arose and hugged his wife,
And kissed her as he cried:
“A man no better wife could find,
No matter how he tried.”

Then John went out and spent some time—
Nigh all he had to spend,
And, armed with bundles large and small,
Homeward his way did wend.
Then, though Smith and his wife had worked
From early morning light,
They started in and trimmed a tree
Ere they retired that night.

Then into seven stockings they
Put candies, white and red,
And then at 2 o'clock A. M.
Undressed and went to bed.
They woke at 5 to hear the shouts
Of joy and glad surprise
From seven youngsters dancing 'round
Before their sleepy eyes.

And was Smith cross? No, not a bit,
But joined right in the fun.
And John Smith's wife, you can be sure,
Had not forgotten one;
But with the pennies she had saved
Had bought each child a toy,
That was received with happy cries,
Which filled her heart with joy.

Each one declared that he or she
Got what they most desired.
And John Smith and his wife looked on,
Till one by one they tired.
Then, after putting them to bed,
John to his wife did say:
"Come, wife, let's kneel and thank the Lord
For such a Christmas Day."

THE BACHELOR DEGENERATE.

A CREATURE who lacks mental poise,
A miserable plaything of fate,
Who misses the best of earth's joys—
The bachelor degenerate.

He can't rise at four and make fires,
While snugly in bed lies his mate;
He cannot nurse kids till he tires—
The bachelor degenerate.

If he wants it clear it will rain,
Or prefers rain, at once 'twill abate;
For the elements even disdain
The bachelor degenerate.

Why, even the wonderful scheme
Of the Universe, so vast and great,
Holds in its contempt, it would seem,
The bachelor degenerate.

The women avoid him and show
That they have for him nothing but **hate**;
Oh, he is a creature of woe—
The bachelor degenerate!

When Saturday comes and his pay
This villain receives, that all hate;
He spends some and gives some away—
The bachelor degenerate.

With no place to put it, you know,
Sometimes he puts on a big "skate,"
And all of his money does blow—
The bachelor degenerate.

Good people, take warning, I pray,
By this wretch's horrible fate;
For you may become, if you delay,
A bachelor degenerate.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

ONCE at the highest peak a passing cloud
The grandeur of the prospect did enshroud,
And from the traveler with eager eye,
Veiled with its somber pall both earth and sky.
The dangers of the climb seemed all in vain—
Was this the prospect he had toiled to gain?

But while he mourned the cloud of leaden gray
Before the wind was riven swift away;
The vault of heaven o'erhead was azure blue
And distant scenes unfolded to his view.
Far in the distance on a thirsty plain
The cloud descended in life-giving rain.

So in our lives when we have gained some height,
Where visions rapturous burst upon our sight,
And earth clouds come to blind our souls again,
While voices whisper: "You have climbed in
vain,"

Let us have patience, for it is the height
Which first is bathed in the returning light.

LAMENT OF THE PEE-WEE POET.

A FAMOUS bard of long ago
The wrath of Achilles sung,
How he to battle would not go—
On that the story hung.

Now, friend, has it occurred to you
His theme was rather poor?
Still, we must give the man his due—
He was a poet sure.

Though often I the muse entreat,
And on Pegasus mount,
Some stupid fellows that I meet
Say I am no account.

Now wouldn't it make you red-hot
And kill all your conceit,
When poems you'd read, your friends said "rot,"
"Go take a way-back seat."

We poets are a little queer,
We like to think we're "it;"
Our tender nerves can't stand a sneer—
If you do that we'll quit.

One editor—the onery cuss,
He ought to be in jail—
Wrote, "Your poem is too good for us,"
And sent it back by mail.

I'll never rest by day or night,
'Till with that skunk I'm even,
When I "do" him, I'll "do" him right—
We'll meet some day in Heaven.

And when we do meet in the skies,
I'll create a sensation;
I know the wretch has told some lies
About his circulation.

PHANTASMS.

BORNE on the silent wings of slumber, Death
 Robs us of all earth-like save mortal breath.
Severed from flesh, our spirits then may soar
Upward unto the everlasting door,
Which bars mortality from that dread place
Where is Eternity and boundless space.
There must they pause; the soul unpurified
By Lethe's stream an entrance is denied.
Back with reluctance to the earth they fly,
And leave the regions of the upper sky
To the immortal hosts in spotless white,
Whose right to Heaven will outlast the night;
And on the planet where their caskets sleep,
With others of their kind, their vigils keep.
Now, driven by the winds of fancy light,
They reach a summerland so fair and bright
That, dazzled by its penetrating day,
With covered eyes they quickly haste away,
And in a distant region then explore
Strange countries never seen by eye before,
Only to find there, tho' without amaze,
The old acquaintances of other days;
Hear the old songs, with some entirely new;
Are now with multitudes, and then with few.
Faces that are at once strange and well known
Are like a moving panorama shown;
Then like the lightning's flash these disappear,
And the wide horizon is lone and drear.
Now by the grave of some beloved they weep,
But not for long the mournful vigil keep,

For Fortune comes, with careless, smiling face,
And puts forgetfulness in sorrow's place.
Then, weary of these scenes diversified,
Oblivion will no longer be denied,
And now commands these phantoms of the night
To wing to distant realms an instant flight,
And leads each wandering soul back to its place.
The morning sun shines in the sleeper's face—
He wakes, and leaves again the silent bed
Whence for a few short hours his soul had fled.

APRIL FIRST.

BEWARE of treasure trove today,
Altho' it lie right in your way.
If in your path you see a purse,
Kick it aside with muttered curse;
To pick it up would sorrow bring—
Look closer, you will see the string.

Even if coins you see, do not
So much as touch them—they are hot,
And in the background wretches wait
To laugh at victims of their bait.
Walk calmly on and foil their schemes—
Nothing today is what it seems.

And should one cry today Fire! Fire!
The chances are he is a liar.
Don't get excited; just keep cool,
Or you may be an April fool.
Proceed with caution on your way,
And fool the fools this All-Fools' Day!

THE REIGN OF LAW.

WHEN from Creation's blazing wheel,
The molten worlds through space were
flung,
None seemed directing force to feel,
Nor into a firm orbit swung,
Until the steadying Hand Divine
With guiding touch on each was laid.
Then chaos fled, and Law benign
The universe with order swayed.

And now, when searching gaze is sent
To depths which fill the mind with awe,
'Tis seen disorder's force is spent—
O'erwhelmed by superior Law.
And only blinded mortals cling
To chaos and confusion—bound;
While countless universes sing
The praise of Law with ordered round.

O, blinded man, shake off thy chains,
Fetters of darkness, greed and fear;
Nor be content until Law reigns—
The Law of heaven, now and here,
To thee, O man, this Law of love,
The great Creator doth bequeath;
And wills that love, which reigns above,
Shall likewise rule mankind beneath.

RETROSPECTION.

MY eye is dim, my hair is gray,
My step is slow—I've had my day.
I'm failing fast, I know, and yet
The knowledge brings me no regret.
Most of my friends have passed away—
I'm old, and I have had my day.

In youth I had my share of play,
And love in season came my way.
I've dreamed away some blissful years,
I've soothed some griefs with useless tears;
Had on the whole more peace than fray,
And now, at last, I've had my day.

Why should the knowledge bring dismay
To him who knows he's had his day?
The aged oak, does it bemoan
That it to stature full has grown?
Tho' 'tis the process of decay,
And means that it has had its day.

The fragrant rose of yesterday
To fulness bloomed and passed away;
To one as fragrant then gave room
And calmly met its timely doom.
Behold! 'Tis kindly Nature's way—
It knows when each has had its day.

Then let December grudge not May
Its youthfulness and spirits gay.
Let Nature, man, the lesson teach;
Death comes at proper time to each.
And when Death calls be calm and say:
"I'm ready; I have had my day."

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

PAUSE, man, and ask thyself today
Whence came I ; whither lies my way?
What Power invested me with sight,
And brought me from oblivion's night?
Was there a Guiding Hand which led
Me forth, and is there hope ahead?

Or am I sport of idle chance,
And doomed to give but one brief glance
Around me—creature of a day—
And then forever pass away?
A wreck on Time's vast ocean cast,
Hurled broken on its shores at last?

What is that which within me yearns
For higher joys, vain pleasure spurns?
Whispers, "These die and pass away,
Seek those above which ne'er decay."
If there is naught beyond my sight
But silence, and eternal night.

Ah, 'tis not for the mind of man
To grasp the Great Creator's plan,
Nor for his narrow-sighted eye
To read the secrets of the sky.
Enough for him the inward voice,
The higher call, the power of choice.

These tell him of his deathless soul,
And that the grave is not its goal;
That God, most tender, loving, kind,
Has given man a reasoning mind,
And whispers to him lovingly,
"I am thy God; seek thou for Me."

HURRAH.

HURRAH for the fast-flying automobile!
Hurrah for the miles as behind us they reel!
With no "puff" and no "bluff"—just a wee little
"chuff,"

It flies o'er the road be it well paved or rough;
Not swift as express train, but just swift enough.
Hurrah for the automobile!

Hurrah for the "horseless" which ne'er disap-
points!
Nor has to have liniment rubbed on its joints!
Of a bed or a feed never has the least need,
Nor gives out on a hill like the old-fashioned steed,
But takes hill and level both at the same speed.
Hurrah for the automobile!

Hurrah for the boys and hurrah for the girls!
Hurrah for the naughty wind kissing their curls!
Surely, Cupid won't miss such a good chance as
this,
And the wind won't be given the sole right to kiss,
For love in an "auto" is heavenly bliss—
Hurrah for the automobile!

GOD'S DWELLING PLACE.

THE tireless searcher of the skies
Turns from his telescope and cries :
"In all I see God's hand is plain,
Yet for Himself I seek in vain.
Where in the distant realms of space
Is the Creator's dwelling-place?
Tho' nightly vigil yet I keep
And the expanse of heaven sweep,
I cannot find that central sun
Which doth contain the Mighty One."

In vain, O learned one, thy quest,
Waste not the precious hours of rest ;
Tho' countless worlds before thee roll
And blaze on high from pole to pole :
Tho' thou couldst pierce with thy keen eye
The depths beyond the starry sky—
Tho' these should all their secrets yield,
Still from thee God would be concealed,
For God dwells not in realms apart—
He is in ev'ry human heart.

WASHINGTON.

OUR land has brought forth mighty men,
Leaders both with the sword and pen.
Great as they were, there is not one
To be compared with Washington.
And Time's rude hand cannot efface
That name from its commanding place.

GOD IS LOVE.

TO seek in man-made creeds God's ways to find
Is to inquire the pathway from the blind.
Omnipotence will not by words be bound,
Nor by the deepest human learning found.
Who trusts in this will find when 'tis too late,
It does but leave him at the Sealed Gate.

In the pure air of woodland and of plain,
In fragrant flowers and in waving grain,
In the cool rivulets of mountainside;
In ocean's vastness and in changing tide;
In all of these God is—yet far above—
In contrite human hearts, for God is love.

SILENCE.

WITH bruised hand at Fate's unyielding door,
Why stand ye mortal? Useless is thy
knock.

Tho' thou shouldst summons them forevermore,
The time-defying bolts will not unlock.

Fate hath its never-yielding bars fast sealed,
Which vainly hoary ages have assailed;
Nothing that lies beyond to them revealed;
The thundering centuries have not prevailed.

Accept the dictum of the veiled night,
And bid thy craving soul its yearnings cease;
Somewhere the future holds for thee the light;
Be patient, mortal; pass thy days in peace.

AN APPRECIATION.

O THOMAS of the backyard fence!
Sweet singer of the night;
Oft has thy music thrilled my soul
With rapturous delight.

One lay of thine I dearly love,
And oft have hearkened to—
A mixture of a calliope
And medley from the zoo.

High C for thee no terror holds,
'Tis easy for thy throat;
In fact, I've heard thee spurn the scale
And improvise a note.

The beauty of thy melody
Cannot be told in word,
And truly ne'er can be forgot
If it has once been heard.

O, four-legged songster of the night,
O, feline bird divine!
May that "Mariar" thou singest to
Some day be wholly thine.

Then thou canst squelch thy pleading wail,
Thy dismal solo cease;
And grant to man as to thyself
A night of perfect peace.

But, in the meantime do not think
When soft the sash I raise,
That I would harm thee, for I seek
To throw thee some bouquets.

DEATH.

O DEATH, thou mystery profound,
Yet one that all must solve,
Around thee as a central sun
Man's hopes and fears revolve.

He sleeps and wakes, and for a span
Is charmed from thee away;
But, when earth's baubles lose their charm,
Thou dost resume thy sway.

Vainly man strives thy power to break,
Or drive thee from his mind;
And, yet, thou art no monster, Death,
But unto man most kind.

Thy medicine alone hath power
To cure a guilty past,
Thy healing balm doth more than soothe—
Thy perfect cure doth last.

Will blinded mankind ever learn
Friends to discern from foes?
Thou canst not be his enemy
Who dost assuage his woes.

LOVE IS LIFE.

LIFE without love! O can there be
On earth such depth of misery?
A human soul outcast, alone,
Which love's great joy hath never known;
Cut off from life's supremest bliss—
Can there be such a wretch as this?

For such a man, tho' he had wealth,
Exalted rank and perfect health;
Without a care or anxious strife—
There could not be a happy life.
For all the joy that Heaven doth send,
Upon love's presence doth depend.

Then give me love, and I shall be
Content in pain and poverty.
For love is conqueror of pain,
And doth despise wealth's paltry gain;
Give me but love and take the rest,
Of all earth's blessings 'tis the best.

But it must be a love so pure,
That it shall ev'ry test endure;
Like that great all-pervading love
Which comes direct from God above.
Link me to Heaven by this sweet tie—
For love is life and cannot die!

THE UNDISCOVERED LAND.

NOW at the parting of the ways we stand,
Before us lies an undiscovered land.
Naught is revealed unto our straining gaze,
Save that therein are months and weeks and days,
Tho' nothing of its people yet is known,
Nor to the human eye its secrets shown.

Our pathway lies toward the setting sun,
Just as when first our journey was begun;
But ere we cross those hills and valleys strange,
Somewhere our path its onward course may
change,
And that great change may turn our steps aside
Into a land still more unknown and wide.

And yet what joy to know that, hand in hand,
With loved ones we may enter this strange land,
And that, if naught our pathways should divide,
They will go with us to the other side;
And at the distant frontiers with us stand—
Beyond which lies another unknown land.

May happiness go with us on our way,
And sweet content be ours day by day.
As step by step through this strange land we
grope,
May our dim pathway be made bright by hope;
Kind Providence our falt'ring steps attend,
And fellowship be with us to the end.

BENEVOLENCE OF CHANGE.

WHY should I fear the change called death?
That ceasing of the mortal breath,
That voyage to an unknown shore,
Where myriads have gone before?
More hideous, I think, if fate
Should doom me, lone and desolate,
Here to remain time without end,
And watch the great procession wend
Its endless journey to the grave—
To rest which I could never have.

And thus we see that change is kind.
We think it cruel, and yet we find
'Tis life contains the whole of dread,
And death but means all fears have fled;
To all the past it bars the door
And shuts it out forevermore.
Away, then, with this slavish fear;
This my resolve that now and here
I'll live serene and free from strife—
Death is a crown to such a life.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BIRTHDAY of Freedom! Thank God we still
Hear freemen's voices resound with a will;
Swelling the chorus of song to thy praise,
Unto the heavens sweet melody raise,
Yet there are people as brave, true and tried,
Who Freedom's blessings by men are denied—
Let us anew here resolve there shall be
O'er all the earth naught but sweet Liberty.

FALSE MEASUREMENTS.

CALL nothing little—naught is such,
All things their Great Creator show;
And it requires no defter touch
For Him to make the oak tree grow,
Than the downtrodden blade of grass
That humbly waits the hungry beast;
His mighty power brought each to pass—
There is no greatest and no least.

Man judges by a standard made
By him to suit his narrow sight,
And fain would measure, weigh and grade
The creatures of the Infinite.
Bound to an atom, poised in space,
In his conceit a being wise;
He thinks his humble dwelling-place
The ruling planet of the skies.

His fellowmen are small or great
To him as they his standard reach—
By that he doth his fellows rate,
And fix his proper place for each.
If wealth be in his eyes the best
Of earthly attributes to gain,
Who fail to stand the golden test
His good opinion seek in vain.

Despising others, he himself
In turn by these is viewed with scorn,
The more he worships golden pelf
Is he unhappy and forlorn.

In bitterness of heart he cries :
"All humankind are false and cold!"
Demanding love, while he denies
That same to all but yellow gold.

If rank or station be his aim,
And to man's praises he aspires :
The god he worships then is fame,
And that the sum of his desires.
Enough! From this I do conclude
Things great or small are such to man,
And not as such by God are viewed—
All things are great in His Great Plan.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

FALSELY called prayer the frightened wail
From sinful lips, 'twill not avail.
That is true prayer which guides our deeds,
Regardless of rites, forms and creeds.

For what we seek with might and main,
Will dominate both soul and brain.
And tho' the lips frame words contrite,
No higher will they take their flight.

And but one prayer ascends on high,
It is the earnest, heartfelt cry
Of him whose deed and inmost thought
United crave the blessing sought.

NOW.

MAN, live in the present—'tis all that thou
hast—

Cease dreaming of future and mourning for past,
The one may deceive thee, the other is dead,
And even the present ere long will have fled.

Why promise thyself in some far distant day
A holier life and a kindlier way?
Life is so uncertain, 'tis folly to wait,
Do right while thou canst, soon it will be too late.

The kind word so cheering, take time now to
speak;
The strong arm of help to the struggling and
weak,
How much they are needed! Grant them while
you may—
Men die for the lack of them while you delay.

The moments are precious, thy years are so few,
And there is so much that a good man should do!
Thy duty forbids thee a moment to waste,
If thou wouldst perform it, O man, thou must
haste!

When at the dread summons thou must hence
depart,
What is it, O man, will most gladden thy heart,
The gold thou hast hoarded or fame thou hast
won,
Or deeds of sweet kindness in life thou hast done?

Then, thank God for the present in which to live,
And trust in His mercy that he will forgive
The mistakes of the past, and that he will send
A future of hope and sweet peace at the end.

O BLESSED LIGHT

O BLESSED Light! O holy Star!
Shine on us ever from afar.

Groping in darkness as we are
We need thy guiding ray
Upon our darkened way
To pierce the gloom of sinful night
With Thy serene and holy light
When from the right we stray.

Dear Babe of Bethlehem, we need
More of Thy love and less of creed;
Religion not of word, but deed.
And we can truly say
This happy Christmas Day:
Our hearts are full of that same love
Which sent Thee down from heaven above
To show salvation's way.

Our Saviour, lowly was Thy birth,
And full of grief Thy life on earth.
Never to Thee came joy and mirth
Like that we have today.
Oh, give us now, we pray!
The grace to wipe away each tear,
And bring to earth throughout the year
An endless Christmas Day.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

WHY do we fear death?
Each night our spirits soar, deathless
To Heights Eternal.
Forgetfulness profound seizes on our vexing
thoughts
And hurls them from us.

And when the great sleep comes—
As come it will to all—
It means but that our eyes shall close,
To open on more beauteous scenes.
Or else, at worst,
We shall sleep on forever.

FAITH.

BEYOND the reach of human eye,
Above the azure blue of sky;
Far past the circling orbs of space,
There must be a sweet resting place.
For in my inmost soul I seem,
With eye of faith to catch a gleam
Of radiant glory from those deeps,
Until my soul with rapture leaps;
And leaving sordid things of earth,
To higher life is given birth,
And on the wings of hope ascends
To regions where joy never ends.
'Tis thus I know my higher birth,
And that I am no child of earth,
In vain I bid these yearnings cease
Till I have reached that endless peace.

PRAYER.

L ORD, may Thy holy will be ours.
We consecrate our utmost powers
To Thee alone.
May naught of earthly pomp or pride
Lead us from Thine own way aside
When to us shown.

What blessed privilege that we,
So poor, infirm and weak, should see
Thy holy ways.
And that Thou givest us a choice,
Guided by Thine own still small voice,
We give Thee praise.

What dignity Thou dost bestow,
On all who do Thy will below,
Like that above!
What grace that creatures of a day,
Who fade like drooping flowers away,
Should have Thy love!

O God, our Father and our Friend,
Guide us unto our journey's end;
Open our eyes,
That in our blindness we may see
The glories of the home to be
Beyond the skies.

Help us to conquer all of sin,
And purify our hearts within;
 Burn out their dross.
E'en tho' it cost us grief and pain,
It will recall to us again
 Thy holy cross.

Thus Lord, our prayer we bring to Thee,
Well knowing that Thine eye can see
 Our needs before,
And that in Thine own blessed day
Thou wilt wipe all our tears away,
 Forevermore.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

WE greet thee, year of Nineteen-four,
 With all thy golden hours;
And enter through thy open door
 To test in thee our powers.

Old Nineteen-three has passed away,
 Some saw him die with sorrow;
And fain would have him longer stay,
 More of his goods to borrow.

But New Year, thou art here indeed—
 We give thee joyful greeting;
And promise we will try to heed
 Thy warning—"Time is fleeting."

A NIGHT'S VISION.

IN the darkness of the night,
When my heart is sad and lone,
And my thoughts from earth take flight—
Then it is, mysterious one,
That the rustle of thy wing,
And thy sweet influence near,
Peace of astral regions bring,
Banish all my gloomy fear.

Though thy face I cannot see,
Yet thy presence I can feel.
Bursts of heaven's melody
O'er my raptured senses steal.
All Earth's sordid cares and strife,
With its vexing thoughts take wing;
I am born to higher life,
And my soul doth raptured sing.

But, alas! O beauteous one!
When the brooding night is o'er,
From my chamber thou art gone
And I do not see thee more.
From the deafening noise of life
And the blinding glare of day;
From confusion's burly strife
Thou art ever far away.

Though thou wilt return to me
When the day has taken flight,
And thy radiant form I'll see
In the shadows of the night—

Beauteous one, forever stay ;
Let me feel thee ever nigh ;
Nor depart when comes the day—
Heed my soul's imploring cry !

THE HERALDS OF THE SKIES.

LOOK up, O doubter, to the skies ;
There ample proof confronts thine eyes.
Could yonder sun which burns in space,
By chance be firmly held in place,
And thus unflagging day by day,
Pursue its steady onward way ?
Does chance direct the planets bright,
And all the starry hosts of night,
As through the depths of space they sweep,
And to their ordered pathways keep ?
Do suns and systems without end,
Upon unreasoning chance depend ?

Look up, and if thou be not blind,
The answer to thy queries find.
And if thy doubts be honest, see
Them like the mists of morning flee,
Before the brightness of the day,
And then in new-born sorrow pray
For pardon for the blinded years,
When thou wert bound by doubts and fears.
This done, in joy and faith arise,
To bless the heralds of the skies,
Which down to men from God above,
Bring tidings of His watchful love.

IT IS BUT SLEEP.

LIFE hath the mast'ry over death,
This I can see.
For, kissed from sleep by springtime's breath,
Each flower and tree;
Sings now its resurrection song
Of victory.

All through the frozen winter time,
Silent they slept.
But, safe beneath the frost and rime,
Their life was kept.
Unlike the higher creature, man,
None for them wept.

Ah! Nature knows and trusts the One
Who gave it birth.
And, when the season's course is run
Upon the earth,
Deep in its vital bosom sleeps—
Where is no dearth.

And left to thinking, reasoning man
To doubt and weep.
Distrustful of the Higher Plan—
Its power to keep.
Man, death is not the end for thee,
It is but sleep!

HAIL TO THE FLAG.

HAIL to the flag of Freedom, hail!
Death to the foe who dares assail!
Its colors bright stand for the cause
Of Liberty and righteous laws.
Before it anarchy must quail—
Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!

Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!
On tranquil sea, 'mid boist'rous gale;
From farthest South to icy North,
It floats on high this glorious Fourth.
Freedom and progress must prevail—
Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!

Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!
In garb of peace, or coat of mail,
Columbia put in God her trust,
Her cause a righteous one and just,
And such a cause can never fail—
Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!

Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!
On unknown oceans may it sail.
Bringing to the oppressed of earth,
In Liberty and peace, new birth,
'Til all mankind are 'neath its pale—
Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!

Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!
On highest mount, in lowest dale.
Let East and West, let South and North,
Together celebrate the Fourth;
Old Glory to the masthead nail—
Hail to the flag of Freedom, hail!

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

'MID the world's harsh tuneless jangling,
And contending forces wrangling,
Comes a note, harmonious, clear;
Whispering that peace is near.
And the heart that was desponding,
To its music is responding,
Casting off its doubt and fear.

Louder now the notes are swelling,
In triumphant accents telling,
Of the joys that never cease
In the realms of perfect peace;
"Yet awhile my child," 'tis saying,
"Of your sighing and your praying,
Then I come to bring release."

Gentle voice, so calm and soothing,
Life's tempestuous ocean smoothing,
Ever in my heart abide;
Bid my doubting fears subside;
And when my life's night is falling,
May I hear thee gently calling
From across the chilly tide.

UPWARD.

THE heights supreme I may not gain,
But if I do not leave the plain
The hills my view shall bound.
Better that I should fail half-way
Than ever be content to stay
Upon the level ground.

For even half-way up the view
Commands a region that is new—
Which I could never know ;
New stars are added to the night,
And sooner breaks the morning light
Than in the vale below.

And as I struggle up the height,
My eyes, fixed on the summit bright,
See not the stony way.
Tho' weary, deep within my soul
I feel that I shall reach the goal—
The heights of endless day.

MY EPITAPH.

A SIMPLE epitaph I ask
When I have gone to rest.
To write it will be no hard task—
Just say "he did his best."

And when I'm gone, if called to mind,
Don't put me to the test ;
But to my many faults be blind,
And say "he did his best."

ORIGIN OF LAW.

THE reign of law huge Jupiter proclaims
With sweep majestic through the starry
 deeps ;

His cycle grand the lesser planet shames,
As never faltering on his course he keeps.

How strange it is that though we all may read
The Truth, throughout the Universe of God,
That some in wilful blindness will not heed,
And some denying go beneath the sod !

Great Spirit ! Origin of Law !
Look Thou in pity on our human pride ;
And help us with a more becoming awe
To see Thee in Thy works on every side.

TRUE LONELINESS.

ALONE, with myriads surging 'round,
Swept onward with the mighty mass,
Altho' I fain would stand my ground
And gaze upon them as they pass.

To search with hungry, yearning eye,
Hoping a friendly face to find,
Only to turn with bitter sigh—
In the vast throng not one seems kind.

This loneliness the most complete,
Far worse than even desert wide—
The loneliness of crowded street,
Swept onward with the human tide.

HUMAN DISCONTENT FROM GOD.

SEEK not contentment, it cannot be found,
No matter where you wander on this earth;
The seed embowelled in the moldy ground
Rests not till it springs forth to fragrant birth.
The acorn, tended by the mind of God
To highest glory in the stately tree,
Develops slowly from the humble sod
And spreads its lofty branches wide and free.

So God, by power supreme, divinely wise,
Has acted on the restless human will,
And man, responsive, feels within him rise
Desires for justice which no voice can still.
Forgotten, then, luxurious hopes of ease,
Behind him cast debasing love of self;
Once heard within these voices never cease
Till love for All supplants the love of self.

TWILIGHT.

I LOVE the twilight hour the best—
How sweet its brooding peace!
When in the golden russet West,
The orb of day has sunk to rest,
And day's distractions cease.

How restful to the weary eye!
How soothing to the mind!
To contemplate the twilight sky,
And watch the peaceful night draw nigh.
Who love it not are blind!

Emblem of death tho' twilight be,
To me it seems to say :
"Behold what death but means for thee—
'Tis not the end—canst thou not see?
It doth precede the day."

EASTER.

ALL ye who now in darkness grope,
Lift up your eyes and take new hope.
See! On the eastern sky a light
Foretells the ending of the night,
And coming of that day to earth
Which brings to all mankind new birth.

For thee hath death been overthrown,
That could be done by One alone.
Dost ask who conquered death for thee?
The Man of Nazareth, 'twas He,
That same who mankind's sin hath borne—
He conquered death on Easter morn.

Tho' centuries have passed away,
He is the same this Easter day ;
And offers now to dying men,
The same great gift of life as then.
Wouldst thou this blessed gift receive?
Look but upon Him and believe.

CONSCIENCE THE GUIDE.

HAPPY the man who in his soul
Has found the universal goal—
The land of fond desire;
While others seek external joys,
And short-lived happiness which cloy—
Things born but to expire.

The uncrowned king who reigns within,
The warning voice amid life's din—
Sweet conscience—is his guide.
His footsteps seek the ways of love
And press the path that leads above,
Nor turn from right aside.

Give me to seek this better way,
Nor let my erring footsteps stray;
Thy warnings never cease.
O Conscience! ever be my guide,
And whether good or ill betide,
Within there shall be peace.

REFUGE.

COME, weary soul, thy wanderings now cease,
And fix thy hold on Heaven's eternal peace;
False joys of earth, swift as the passing day,
When thou hast grasped take wing and fly away;
Ere o'er thy head Time's surging billows roll—
Cling to the Rock, thy only refuge, soul.

When breaks the day, night's shadows disappear ;
None fear the storm while skies above are clear.
But when the lightning's flash and tempest's roar
Hurl surging billows on life's troubled shore—
Then, soul, affrighted ever thou dost fly
To the Sure Refuge with imploring cry.

Why in thy Father's arms dost thou not stay?
Nor when the storm has passed haste thee away ;
Safe in His strong, protecting love abide,
Beyond the reach of angry sea and tide ;
For, tho' the billows mountain high may roll,
Nothing can harm thee, then, O troubled soul.

PRESS ON.

THE road may seem dusty and steep to the end,
Yet there's a long level stretch just 'round
the bend.

'Tis bordered by roses and shaded by trees
And swept by the life-giving green meadow
breeze ;

Plod on a while longer, for sweet rest is near,
And deep springs of crystal, cool, sparkling and
clear.

The road has been weary and dusty and long,
And you are so feeble who once was so strong,
For at the beginning your spirits ran high,
The miles seemed but inches so swift they went
by—

But courage! Your journey approaches its end,
Press on to the resting-place just 'round the bend.

MARCH.

BLOW, boist'rous gale, you suit my mood ;
Within my soul dark phantoms brood,
And tho' I bid them fly away,
The while I know I must obey—
Blow, boist'rous gale !

Blow, boist'rous gale, nor cease your din,
Your rage not fierce as that within ;
Sometime you'll tire and turn to peace—
The storm within will never cease.
Blow, boist'rous gale !

Blow, boist'rous gale, your rage soon spent,
Idle your frenzied discontent ;
For as you hurl your wrath at me,
Behind your back the blue I see—
Blow, boist'rous gale !

'TIS NOT GOD'S WAY, BUT MAN'S.

ALMIGHTY God, is it Thy will
That some should starve and freeze ?
Dost Thou send millions naught but ill—
That few may take their ease ?

And didst Thou give to few this earth
Which Thou hast made so fair ?
Where of man's needs there is no dearth,
But plenty everywhere.

And dost Thou send Thy sun and rain
A chosen few to bless,
Or condemn most to lives of pain,
That few have happiness?

Oh! pardon those who blindly say
Thou willest human need;
For 'tis not thine—'tis man's cruel way—
'Tis due to human greed.

COULD WE BUT SEE.

COULD we but see the lost delights,
The unattained, unconquered heights,
Which are the forfeit we must pay
For turning from the narrow way—
Would the slight bliss we have attained
Suffice for that we might have gained?

Kindly the Fates which from us screen
The glories of the might-have-been.
To have contentment, peace of mind,
We must to higher good be blind,
And see in that we now possess
The sum of human happiness.

Ah me! The days long since gone by—
Lost days of opportunity.
'Twill profit naught to plead with Fate—
It doth reply: "Too late!" "Too late!"
No peace for mortals who have seen
The happiness which might have been.

EARTH'S GREATEST TREASURE.

THANK God the best things in this life cannot be bought and sold,
And that man's earthly happiness does not depend on gold.
For, tho' the millionaire may add yet millions to his wealth,
With all his gold he cannot buy the blessed boon of health.

In all this world there is no greater blessing than a friend,
On whom in ev'ry hour of need you surely can depend ;
A friend who adds his joy to yours when fortune comes your way,
And yet is never wanting in affliction's trying day.

Thank God for that sweet inward peace, contentment and repose
Which he who walks the narrow path of duty always knows.
Not all the wealth of earth can buy this of earth's joys the best,
Possession only of that one whose conscience is at rest.

A priceless boon vouchsafed to men by God, who reigns above,
Which brings the bliss of heaven near, is pure, unselfish love ;

How pitiful the miser's gold beside such treasure
rare!

Can all the pleasure gold can give with love's
great joy compare?

Oh! worse than fool is he who strives for aught
that wealth can bring—

Which, ere he has it firmly grasped, forever will
take wing.

Ye men who sell your souls for pelf, this warning
now attend:

Your gold will rob you of life's joy and mock
you in the end.

NOT EXACTLY.

I CAME upon my love one day
As she sat idly musing.

I watched her lovely features play
And felt myself enthusing.

Thought I, "She's dreaming now of me,
Or else her look belies her;

I will not greet her suddenly,
But pause ere I surprise her."

Her lovely eyes, of deepest blue,
Were fixed upon the ceiling;

I wondered if she only knew
Her love they were revealing.

"Ahem," I cried, "'tis me, dear heart;
Of what have you been musing?"

Said she, "Tomorrow I will start
My Easter bonnet choosing."

TO THE BOERS.

IN your defeat is no disgrace—
For you have done your best ;
On hist'ry's page you'll have a place
Along with all the rest
Who fought against o'erwhelming might
And shed their blood in vain ;
And as your cause was just and right,
Be sure 'twill rise again.
Though wrong has triumphed, don't forget
That God still reigns on high ;
And Freedom's cause will triumph yet—
Its cause can never die.
O'er all the earth, in ev'ry tongue,
Wherever men are free,
For countless ages will be sung
Your fight for liberty.

PRAYER.

FATHER, Thou didst not give me life in vain,
I know Thou has for me mapped out a plan ;
E'en tho' it be through ceaseless toil and pain,
I shall evolve into the Perfect Man.

Tho' all around me jarring discord be,
And Right seems lawful prey of Wrong and
Hate ;
I know Thou hast a constant thought for me,
Serene I trust to Thee my unseen fate.

I thank Thee, Father, for the blessed thought
That I am under Thy protecting care,
And, by my very failures I am taught,
Of such pitfalls in future to beware.

And, e'en when far away from Thee I stray,
It is Thy tender voice of love I hear,
Which calls me back again into the Way—
In the "far country" still Thou hast been near.

When doubting moments come—as come they
must—
O give me sight through clouds of doubt to see!
And still in Thee to put my perfect trust,
Who didst create me for Eternity.

THANKSGIVING.

HEAVENLY Father, Thou art good;
Our hearts are full of gratitude.
For Thy rich bounty, full and free,
Our songs of praise ascend to Thee.
Tho' Lord of radiant hosts above,
Yet dear to Thee Thy creatures' love.

In bounteous harvests o'er our land
We recognize Thy loving hand;
In ev'ry happy human face
We see Thy overflowing grace,
Thou hast our ev'ry need supplied
And all our cravings satisfied.

Beasts of the field, birds of the air,
Have all received Thy loving care;
And from the greatest to the least
Are bidden to Thy bounteous feast.
When these their sweet thanksgiving raise,
Shall men refuse to give Thee praise?

Lord, free our hearts from sordid greed;
Help us to see our brothers' need.
May we for those less blessed care
And gladly Thy great bounty share.
Forbid, O Lord, that we should call
Our own what Thou dost send for all.

HAVE YOU MET HIM?

WHO is it that holds up his head so high,
Nor notices poor folks as they pass by?
Can it be the fellow who found the North Pole?
No, 'tis the proud mortal who laid in his coal.

Oh! List while he tells you with smirking grin:
"I have twenty tons of coal in my bin."
And then he will add with a hypocrite's leer:
"I'm sorry, old fellow, the winter's so near."

"It's going to be a hard winter, too;
Cheer up, my dear friend, you're looking quite
blue.

I'm sorry for you from the depths of my soul,
But if you were wise you'd have laid in your coal."

He wants you to say: "You have a great head,"
But murderous thoughts come to you instead,
And sorely you're tempted to bore a big hole
Through the swell-headed guy who laid in his
coal.

You hope some fine day he will land in a spot,
Confoundedly, terribly, awfully hot;
Where there'll be no joy in his shriveled-up soul
When told that the devil has laid in his coal.

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